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dred, one child on his back, and the other by the hand, jogging along the low, and beautiful road to Lucan, some three miles from Dublin.

He had passed the village of wooden huts a short way, and wearied and famished, he sat down on the side of a ditch, to share with the children a few cold boiled potatoes—probably bestowed by some being very nearly his equal in poverty. A distant sound of an approaching vehicle put him in motion, and he hastened to put the children in the most alluring position for mendicancy; suddenly a crash, and a groan, met his ear; he immediately started on his feet, and perceiving a horse approach him with furious pace, removed the children out of danger within the dry ditch. Seeing the horse was encumbered with part of a car-harness, he took off his cap, and spreading out his arms, succeeded in stopping the animal, in which he recognised his old friend, Captain Montrose's grey mare. The recognition, however, did not seem to be mutual, till Corney, putting his hand into the place contrived for a pocket in his old coat, affected to, or actually did produce a few crumbs of bread, which he held to the beast, and, as gentle as a lamb, she approached to partake of a *bonne bouche* to which he had often before treated her.

He now secured her to a tree by the remaining bridle, and hastily approached the spot from whence the groans issued. Beneath the shattered remains of a jaunting-car, lay his *ci-devant* patron, one of his legs lying under a wheel, and now seemingly senseless.

"Oh murther, murther! is it kilt entirely he is—and no one near!—and the mare—and the childer!—Well, was I ever in such a non-plush in all my born days?"—said he, whilst he lifted gently the weight of the wheel off Captain Montrose's ankle, and fortunately found that he had escaped coming in contact with any other part of the car, which he perceived was that so lately purchased. It was but the work of a few moments with the clever active boy, to take from the person of the Captain his watch, purse, &c. &c., and secure them about his own—to fly up the side of those hillocks, called the Strawberry-beds, and return with a couple of stout peasants, to assist in carrying the Captain to a cabin at a little distance; where he also left the children; and then mounting the gray mare, he soon arrived at the hotel of Lucan, told his story to the landlord, deposited the Captain's treasures in his hands, and returned immediately in a chaise for his patient. In a few days Montrose sufficiently recovered to make inquiries for his protégé, who had, with his small family, hovered about the hotel, earning, as he said himself, "his bit and his sup by a turn now and then in the stables or about the cousarues." Corney was desired to attend at the Captain's door. "So, my man," said the latter, when he once more beheld his smiling, honest face—"so my man, I find I am always to be in your debt for some obligation or other. My hostess has been telling me how much I owe to your cleverness, probity, and presence of mind."

"Nothing in life, Captain. Shure I would have done the same for any Christian, letting alone your honour or the like of you."

"Why 'tis true," said the Captain with a smile; "you have no right to give me the Christian virtue of charity."

"Oh, plaze your honour, I am too happy entirely—in regard of the childer—and the jacket, and the trowsers; and the new shoot—and hopes to be houlding a baste for you again, Sir, afore the Kildare-street Club, and—"

"Well, well—that will do for the present," said the Captain, sipping his coffee; "and as to the future, Corney, why—why," he paused, and smiling as he recalled his former promises, and procrastination of their performance—"why, as for the future, we must leave that to take care of itself."

"True for you, Sir," said Corney.

"And now, my boy, go and get your breakfast, and leave me to finish mine."

Towards the end of the season the gaieties of Dublin were eclipsed by the departure of the charming regiment of Guards; and as none among the officers had a more brilliant success than Captain Montrose, few left so many broken hearts behind them. It was generally believed

that he had gone home to ask his father's consent to marry one, if not all, the Miss O'Shaughnessys: but before he had decided the fact, another regiment of Guards had marched into Dublin, and the celebrated Colonel Montnettle effaced all the favorable impressions made by Captain Montrose.

"I say, Montrose," said Lord Charles Dangle, as he lounged on the steps of Crockford's, waiting for his horse, where Captain Montrose stood drawing on his gloves before he got into his cab—"I say, where did you pick up that lad who figures away in the character of Tigre? It is the *tightest* bit of *flesh* I know of."

"A monstrous well built boy, ain't he?" said his master, looking with much satisfaction at his cab-boy, who stood all eye and ear, holding his spirited horse.

"And devilishly well dressed too," said Lord Charles. "Who dresses him? For my part I am more particular about my cab-boy than myself; his frocks are cut out on him, and his other garments moulded like wax; but yours is perfection. Is he one of Tattersall's set-outs? I hear he trains gemmen's Tigres now."

"Tattersall's—no indeed—why you must most certainly remember him, when we were quartered in Dublin last year. He is Corney—Cornelius Tullius, the *Cad* who used to potter about the horses at the barracks, and saved my life too, by the bye, as well as my purse, more than once."

"What! the naked squalid imp, that looked like an impersonation of Cholera!"

"Exactly; but the Irish animal has great capabilities if properly trained; you may teach, feed, and dress a young one up to any thing," said Corney's master.

"So it appears!" said his lordship, laughing at the conceit; "and I wish, when you are writing next to Ireland, you would order me over half a dozen of them."

A CONSTANT LAY.

"*Cash* rules the court."—BYRON.

Constant! who would not be constant and true?
Faithful! who would not be faithful with you?
(Fifteen thousand a year—ready money in plenty!)
You have no cause to doubt, you are one out of twenty

You *know* that I love you—how can I do less?
I have flirted with others, at times, I confess;
But *those* days are past, and I sooner would die
Than flirt with another (when you're standing by!)

Don't talk about Fred., I was fond, I must own,
And he read his own verses with such a sweet tone;
His presents (not presence) were rather more rare,
He gave but *one* ring—and a lock of his hair!

Don't I always dance with you?—and can I do more?
Don't I sit by your side when the dancing is o'er?
(What! false to the vows of a man with a title,)
Sure I yield to your passion a fitting requital!

When I look on this chain with each bright golden link,
Of affection's dear fetters I fondly must think!
Forget, while I look on the pearls which you brought?
Forget! while I think on the diamonds you bought?

Forget you with rank and with money?—absurd!
I never once thought on't, I pledge you my word;
And to prove what I say—that I still remain steady,
The first time you ask me,—my Lord, I am ready!

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